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THE FATE OF A COQUETTE.

There was a great party given at the house of Mrs. Dayton, in Park Square, and moving majestically as a queen among the "goodie companies" was Alice Montgomery. She was as beautiful as a peacock's dream. Her rich olive complexion was faintly tinged on either cheek by a soft peach-like bloom; her eyes were as dark as midnight, and her hair fell almost to her waist in ebony curls, their jetty hue relieved by a crimson rose fastened near her temple. Her features rivaled in the beauty of their classic outlines the finest work of ancient Phidias.  
Acknowledged as the belle of the evening by all present, she received the many compliments which were paid her with the greatest coolness and a slight air of weariness.  
"How beautiful she is!" said one of a group of three gentlemen who were standing near her.  
"Yes, magnificent, but utterly heartless," said another.  
"As arrant a coquette as ever breathed," said the third. "Poor Carrington fell into her snares and worshipped at her shrine with the greatest adoration for nearly two years, and at the very moment when he fancied he had attained the summit of his hopes she cast him off as a wayward child would a broken plaything."  
"I heard she had rejected him," said the first speaker; "yet they seem to be very firm friends."  
"Heaven preserve me from such friendship!" replied the other. "Carrington is as hot-headed and passionate as can be, although outwardly he appears as cool and collected as any of us. He knows he has been played with, and he will yet make you fair lady rue the day she first trifled with his affections."  
"See, he is making his way through the crowd towards us. Who is that foreign looking gentleman in company with him?"  
"I do not know him."  
"Nor I?"  
"Good evening, gentlemen," said Carrington, as he reached the group. "Allow me to introduce my friend, Senor Armengole, of Venezuela."  
The usual salutations were exchanged, and after a few moments' conversation, Carrington remarked:  
"We must leave you, gentlemen, for my friend is exceedingly anxious to know *la belle* Montgomery. By all appearances she has already made a fresh conquest in the person of the Senor."  
A slight smile flickered around the mouth of the Venezuelan as he allowed himself to be led immediately to the presence of Miss Montgomery. The introduction over, the lady made room on the sofa beside her for her new acquaintance, and they became engaged in an animated conversation. Miss Montgomery exerted all her arts to make an impression on the Senor; and truly he seemed worthy of the smiles of any lady. He was tall and slim, and as straight as an arrow. His face was very dark, and he wore a heavy black moustache. His dress was that to be possessed of the most fashionable taste.  
Hour after hour rolled on, but still the Senor Armengole and *la belle* Montgomery remained conversing on the sofa, neither of them evincing the slightest desire to mingle in the giddy dance.  
Alice Montgomery had at last found a foe man worthy of her steel. She listened to his stories of the revolution in his country with the most breathless interest, her face glowing with admiration as she heard his words of fire.  
The party broke up at last, and Senor Armengole handed Alice Montgomery to her luxurious carriage, which was driven rapidly home.  
"He shall be mine!" said the beauty to herself, as she glided quickly along.  
As the South American turned after the carriage was driven away, he met Carrington face to face. For a moment the two men gazed into each other's eyes. The face of Carrington was deathly pale from excitement, while that of the Venezuelan was a cold, sneering smile.  
"Well," said Carrington at last, uttering the word with an effort.  
"I shall succeed," said Armengole.  
"Are you certain?"  
"Perfectly; I seldom fail. I am somewhat fatigued, so I must bid you good night. I will call upon you to-morrow."  
"Good night," replied Carrington.  
After the night of the party, Senor Armengole was a welcome visitor at the house of Alice Montgomery. He was her constant companion at parties, balls and the opera. Go where they would, Carrington was always present. He seemed to hunt their steps like a spirit. People who knew Alice said that she had found a new victim, while the uninitiated many envied the Senor his good fortune.  
Months rolled on and still Armengole paid his devoirs to the beautiful *la belle* Montgomery.  
Alice Montgomery was sitting one evening working on a piece of embroidery, when her uncle came and took a seat near her.  
"Alice," said he, "I cannot see what it is you admire in that dark-skinned man."  
"Well, but he is so pleasant and intelligent, Uncle," she replied.  
"My dear," said he, crossing his legs and looking at her over his spectacles, "I think that man is not exactly all right; how do you know but what he is some impostor?"  
"Oh, Uncle! how could you speak so harshly about Senor Armengole, who has never behaved towards you as anything but a gentleman; and then, Uncle, to think he is a Senor!"  
"I do not pretend to accuse him of this, but as to his being a Senor, who could not call himself a Senor? and besides, I want to see my sister's child marry an Englishman, instead of going to South America with this foreign chap that no one knows; as sure as you are

born no good will come of it," and with this he arose and went out, without giving her time to reply.  
But Alice had a will of her own, and what was better, a large fortune in her own right, and therefore she regarded his words with the supreme indifference.  
One bright summer afternoon as Alice Montgomery sat in the parlor, arrayed in the best any American toilet could afford, the card of Senor Armengole was presented, and in a few moments they were sitting side by side, conversing. After they had been there awhile, he said abruptly:  
"Alice, the time has now come when I can return to my country in safety, and I have come to say good-bye. I am going."  
"Going, to be driven forth hereafter. Why not remain here?"  
"Remain here! Is it possible that Miss Montgomery can feel an interest in one like me, so unworthy of her? Oh, Alice, Alice! I have loved you from the first night I saw you—loved you with my whole heart and soul. Can you, will you not return that love?"  
There was no answer, but a lovely face rested upon his breast, while his arm stole around a yielding form.  
"But why should I talk of love?" continued he, "I who am as poor as man can be! I all houses and estates swallowed up in the maelstrom of the past revolution beyond possibility of recalculation!"  
"Dear Henrique, I have riches; I have riches for both!"  
"And would you leave friends, home, all that you hold dear, to share the fortune of a poor exile like myself?"  
"All, dear Henrique, all!"  
The coquette was conquered. The face of Armengole grew very pale, his lip trembled with emotion, and his eye grew dim, but it was for an instant only. His face flushed and his eyes shone with his wonted fire as he said:  
"Then be it so. Together we will reach our far-off home. Once there, our future life shall be one long dream of love."  
A week after this conversation they were married, and then took their departure for Caracas, where they arrived in due time. Armengole engaged a dwelling in the most fashionable part of the city, and Alice was as happy as the day was long. Each hour seemed to add to the intensity of the love she bore her husband.  
Time sped on its winged flight, and Alice became conscious of a change in the manner of Armengole. His demands for money became more and more pressing, and she willingly acceded to every request. Soon his absences from home began to grow longer and longer, but he lulled her gentle complaints to rest by stories of his having discovered a way to recover one of his many estates, and that he was compelled to take long journeys to carry out his plans, always ending each explanation with a fresh demand for money, it being, he said, impossible to gain his object without a liberal expenditure of gold.  
One day while Armengole was lying on a sofa in his chamber smoking a cigar, the door was suddenly thrown open, and his wife rushed in with the air of an enraged tigress. Her hair was disordered, her face was crimson, and her eyes fairly blazed with rage. "All the fire of her passionate nature was fairly roused within her. In her hand she carried an open letter. She stopped within a few feet of the sofa, and glared on Armengole as though she would destroy him with her gaze. The Senor smoked on unmoved, although he surmised something terrible had happened. His coolness maddened her.  
"Armengole," she cried, in a voice almost choked with passion, "Armengole, you are a villain! You have ruined me!"  
He turned quietly on his side, and looked at her with as little apparent emotion as a marble figure.  
"I received this letter a moment ago," she cried. "Tell me, sir, are its statements true or false?"  
Armengole removed his cigar and read the letter from beginning to end, without moving a muscle of his countenance while so doing. It read as follows:  
LONDON, Jan. 6, 1872.  
DEAR MADAM: Allow me to congratulate you on your choice of a husband. In accepting him you not only pleased your own fancy but mine also. I chose him for you. Know that your beloved husband, Senor Henrique, is no Venezuelan, but a London adventurer, his real name being Thomas Radcliffe, his profession, gambling. You spurned my love, and I am now revenged for the slight you put upon me. I wish you every happiness with your dear husband!  
Your old friend,  
EUGENE CARRINGTON.  
"Well, sir, is that letter true or false?" said Alice as Armengole commenced to refold the letter.  
"Madam, it is true," was the cold reply.  
"True! My God!" groaned the wretched woman, sinking into a chair.  
"Every word," replied Armengole.  
"Villain! villain to lure an innocent girl from home and friends to serve your own base purposes, to make the heart's best feelings suffer, to make her love of gain! You have spoiled me of my fortune, leaving me as poor as you are. But you shall rule this yet! I have a home and friends."  
"A thousand miles away."  
"Ay, but I will reach them for all that, though it were ten thousand, and then, scoundrel, you shall tremble!"  
"Indeed! Then seek them at once by all means. I have no desire to detain you. I have no claim upon you—you are not my wife."  
"Not your wife? Liar!"  
"Ump! Not so, for when I married you my first wife was still living. I am speaking plainly now for the first time since I have known you. I never loved or cared for you. You were rich; I was poor. Your fortune was a stake worth playing for; I played for it and won it."  
While he was speaking, the eyes of Alice had rested on a small dagger which Armengole always wore, and which was lying on a table near her. Reaching out her hand she possessed herself of the weapon, and as the last words passed his lips she sprang madly forward and plunged the dagger into his bosom. Armengole uttered a loud cry, then sprang from the sofa and raised his arm to strike her down, but she caught it as it descended, then drove the point in his throat, and Armengole fell forward on his face—a corpse.  
Alice stood for a moment gazing on the body with eyes that gleamed the wild fire of insanity, then with a wild, unmeaning laugh she plunged the dagger into her heart.  
Eugene Carrington was terribly avenged.

The Independent South and West.

Agriculture and mining are the agents for the creation of real property, and but one thing is needed to make the localities of agriculture and mining the most independent, financially, of all the sections of the country—that one thing is manufacturers. The grand trouble in the past with the South was, while her cotton enriched largely the Northern manufacturers and the capitalists, whose wealth was in ships, there was comparatively little profit left in the pockets of the Southern planter; his share was small indeed. He paid out too much for food and clothing, while growing cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, tar and turpentine. The food products he needed, instead of raising them on his own soil, he imported from other States, and, of course, at high cost comparatively. His coat, instead of being made of wool manufactured in Texas, where the wool was grown, was fabricated in the North. Bread, meat, clothes, tools, and luxuries, all saddled with a dozen big tariffs; the Southern planter paid for in raw products on which he made but one profit, and that a small one. Now, the South are beginning to learn that point of completion where consumption will step in and claim them, and then that same South will increase in financial strength faster than ever. To be sure, the first steps are costly and difficult; but the beginning made, the manufacturers started, each decade will find new resources opening up and capital easier to obtain. The South have already learned that they can grow their wheat and pork, and beef and mutton, to an extent that will save them millions of dollars a year, and as they have iron and coal with their other minerals, the great staple, nails, they certainly ought not to send North for to the amount of a pound; but we are aware that furnaces, rolling mills, &c., are now to some extent at work there. Cotton mills are also found in sight of the cotton plantations. This is well. And we hope that the huge expenses and lack of profit which ever attends new projects, will not discourage the bold and honest men who have taken hold of the enterprise. What we have said touching Southern interests applies equally to the West. That section, strange as it may appear to-day, raises, beef, whose hides are sent East to be tanned into leather, to be made into shoes, which are sent back for Western consumption. This is a most terrible blunder in the political economy of that section. So it is in wool and other staples, which are transported to remote points, handled, and stored, and insured, only to return to the same West again, to be consumed, when home manufactures would not only render her independent of the East, but would save her tens of millions of dollars in solid wealth. Naturally, the South and West, abounding as they do, in all the resources of a progressive people, ought not to be at all dependent upon the North and East. These sections can raise all the food they need, while at the same time they can produce all the staples which cover the entire necessities of life, and therefore the manufacturing of those staples, iron, wool, flax, silk, cotton, leather, etc., etc., should naturally be there, and not at the East or North. It takes capital, we know; but capital will always go where the law of trade sends it. Refuse to transport Southern and Western products to the North and East, and as is the case with the Western nations in their spice, coffee and tea trade, consumers will go for the articles they need to the points where those articles are produced. So, regarding manufactures, the world must have them. If cotton were kept at home, in the South, and native hides in the West, shoeing would in time be a Southern product, and shoes a Western, for the tide of purchase could be forced in those directions by manufacturing interests centering there. As with those staples named, so with others. The South and West are too rich in resources to hold the relations they now sustain to the North and East.—New York Day Book.

SCIENTIFIC SPELLING.—Having prepared and sent out some accounts, says the Griffin Star, we received the following reply to one of them, and we can't resist printing it. For elegant diction, splendid comparisons, unrivaled grammar and choice spelling, we don't believe it has a rival on record. If that man don't need the influence of public schools and the restraining grace of a free salvation, then we are mistaken.  
—September 1873.  
MR. EDJUR: You mis it for sending for money Now For I hante got None.  
the fax is I gott pizen this Paul and havn't dun a stitch of wuk in fore weak. I wur pizen by ivory or chumek.  
I me in a Nawful way my boddys biggern a barrill and my futes Luk lyke a kuppel of ole fashioned nigger babize they is swelled so and Luk so black.  
I ete sum Wile parsionips for dinner this mornen and Theyre Kolliking me orfuly.  
You run till deth and wel wisher,  
N. b.—Yer don't ke no nuthin what's good for pizen i sposed dose ye.

A STRE SOLACE.—A young lady in a neighboring town was dressing for a party the other evening. Her little niece was chewing gum and watching her. The little one asked the lady if a certain other young lady, who was going had a beau. She was answered in the affirmative. She then asked the question with reference to a second lady, receiving a similar answer. Miss Curiosity then asked her aunt if she had a man, the latter replied in the negative, to see what the little one would say. The child stopped chewing gum, removed it from her mouth, and after gazing at it wistfully for a moment, held it out with a sudden impulse, saying, "Well, I guess you had better take this gum along, then." Young ladies, if your regular escorts fail to appear when you need their services do not despair, but, following the quaint wisdom of a child, take some gum along, and you will be happy.—Utica Herald.

SHE WOULDN'T SELL.—A man stopped a Tennessee woman, who was driving her family through the streets, en route West, and tried to buy her "rig," getting this reply:  
"Stranger, yer'er a wustin' ov yer breth, talkin' to me 'bout sellin' that creeter. He's too nobil a animal, and he comes down from anceseters datin' back to ther time what I can't remember. Money can't buy that thar donkey, and yer mou't as well gutt chattered' yer mouth 'bout tradin'; besides, when I smokes I smokes, and when I trades I trades, and I ain't in a bit of tradin' humor jist now. So, stranger, yer might as well close up yer fly-trap."

Shreveport, which is so severely afflicted with yellow fever, is situated on the west bank of Red River, in the northern part of Louisiana, about three hundred miles by land north-west of Baton Rouge. It was a thriving town, and previously to its present isolation had daily communication by water and railway with New Orleans and all parts of the country. A large business has been carried on at Shreveport, as it is advantageously situated for the shipment of cattle from Texas and cotton from Louisiana. The population is about 4,607, of which 2,439 are white and 2,168 colored.

The Commissioner of Internal Revenue decides that a planter engaged in making a crop on shares is not liable to pay a special tax as a dealer on manufactured tobacco furnished in supplies to the hands employed; such tobacco to be paid for out of the crop produced. The Commissioner says the law does not impose this tax upon every person who shall sell or offer for sale, as in case of liquor dealers, but upon every person whose business it is to sell or offer for sale manufactured tobacco; and he does not think furnishing hands with tobacco, to be paid for as stated, constitutes such a business as the law contemplates.

The Mexican veterans have decided to organize societies for mutual benefit in the several States and to hold a National Convention in Washington in January next.

All Sorts of Paragraphs.

The cool September breezes blow among the trees and indicates some early freezes.  
—A bore—The man who persists in talking about himself when you want to talk about yourself.  
—The Patrons of Husbandry have organized a Woolen Factory Association at Dakota, Iowa, with \$30,000 capital.  
—A man's death was recently caused in Illinois by a spider. It was one of the iron species—in the hands of his wife.  
—String beans may be preserved by breaking them up as for cooking, and putting them down in jars with alternate layers of salt.  
—A Western editor, in acknowledging the gift of a peck of onions from a subscriber, says: "It is such kindnesses as these that bring tears to our eyes."  
—Titusville, Pa., girls have voted not to purchase any dry goods where the stores keep open in the evening. They think the clerks can find some better business, and more congenial.  
—It is so much easier to keep up the fertility of land already rich, than it is to restore that which has been run down, that it becomes us to be watchful and adopt all practicable means to keep it fertile.  
—A worthy Quaker thus wrote: "I expect to pass through this world but once. If, therefore, there be any kindness I can show, or any good thing I can do to my fellow human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer nor neglect it, for I will not pass this way again."  
—A lady having two lovers, accepted the one who was poor but smart, rather than the other who was rich but an imbecile. When asked the reason of her choice she said: "A man who is poor may get over it; but if one is a natural born fool he can never get over it."  
—An exchange says: "Some statistics of lunacy, just published, show that by far the larger proportion of women who lose their reason are widows." And we have no doubt that the statistics will show that quite as large a proportion of the men who go crazy are widowers who never had any reason to lose!

Fair Notice!

HAVING purchased the NOTES and ACCOUNTS of SHARPE & TOWERS, I now give notice that I expect prompt payment of the same when due. All persons whose Notes and Accounts are past due, I expect to pay the same within 30 days from this date.  
W. S. SHARPE.  
July 10, 1873

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Shirtings & Sheetings.  
I AM Agent for the sale of the BIVINGSVILLE 7-8 SHIRTINGS, 4-1 SHEETINGS and YARNS.  
I am also Agent for DePont's POWDER, Rifle and Blasting.  
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BUY THE BEST.

BROWN COTTON GIN.  
I AM THE AGENT FOR THE SALE OF THE BROWN COTTON GIN.  
For Anderson, Oconee and Pickens Counties. This GIN will give you  
Perfect Satisfaction in Every Respect.  
Below, read certificates of C. E. HORTON, W. B. NEWELL and DR. N. J. NEWELL. I would also refer any one wishing a gin to Capt. W. D. Evans, Thos. W. Martin, Dr. H. Glenn, Thos. Harper, Newton Ackers, John G. Hall, Geo. P. Burdett, Maj. Robt. Dugan, King & Elrod, and H. J. Epting, who have had this GIN in use during the past season.  
Call and get a Circular.  
W. S. SHARPE,  
No. 4 Granite Row.

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MOULDINGS, BRACKETS, STAIR FIXTURES, Builders' Furnishing Hardware, Drain Pipes, Floor Tiles, Wire Guards, Terra Cotta Ware, Marble and Slate Mantle Pieces.  
WINDOW GLASS A SPECIALTY.  
Circulars and Price List sent free on application  
White Pine Lumber for Sale.  
P. P. TOALE,  
20 Hayne and 33 Pinekey Sts.,  
Charleston, S. C.  
Oct 3, 1872 13 1y

WILLIAMS, BIRNIE & CO.,

FACTORS  
AND  
COMMISSION MERCHANTS,  
Charleston, S. C.,  
AND  
WILLIAMS, BIRNIE & CO.,  
Commission Merchants,  
65 Beaver Street and 20 Exchange Place,  
NEW YORK.  
Liberal Advances made on Cotton and Produce shipped to us at either point.  
July 10, 1873 1 5m

NEW FIRM.

NEW BUSINESS!  
For ANDERSON, though she has long since merited it—yea, more.

White & Featherston,

DEALERS IN MARBLE,  
HAVE ALWAYS ON HAND A GOOD Assortment of  
TOMB STONES,  
And are prepared at all times to make them to order in the  
BEST OF STYLE.  
MARBLE YARD UNDER TOLLY'S FURNITURE STORE,  
Anderson, S. C.  
August 14, 1873 6

GEO. S. HACKER

Door, Sash and Blind Factory,  
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THIS is as LARGE and COMPLETE a Factory as there is in the South. All work manufactured at the Factory in this city. The only House owned and managed by a Carolinian in this city. Send for price list. A Circular.  
GEO. S. HACKER,  
Post Office Box 170, Charleston, S. C.  
Factory and Warehouses on King street, opposite Cannon street, on the line of City Railway.  
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WANTED,  
100 Farmers and Farmers' Sons during the Fall and Winter months to do business in their own and adjoining townships. Business respectful, easy and pays well. For particulars, address S. S. STANTON & CO., Hartford, Conn.

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SEND FOR A CATALOGUE.  
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STEAM ENGINES, BOILERS, AND MACHINERY.  
Stationary and Portable Steam Engines and Boilers, Gray's Anti-Friction Cotton Press, Circular, Gang and Muley Saw Mills; Portable and Stationary Sizing Mills, Sugar Cane Mills and Sugar Pans, Narrow Gauge Locomotives and Dummy Engines for street, roads and mining purposes, new and second-hand iron and wood Working Machinery of every description. Send for circular.  
WASHINGTON IRON WORKS,  
60 Vesey Street, New York.

Gray's Celebrated Anti-Friction Cotton Press  
The cheapest, simplest and most perfect Cotton Sizer ever invented. Send for circular. WASHINGTON IRON WORKS, 60 Vesey Street, New York, sole manufacturers.

WOMEN MEN, Girls and Boys wanted to sell our French and American Jewellery, Books, Games, &c., in their own localities. No capital needed. Catalogue, Terms, &c., sent FREE. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Maine.

MONEY Made Rapidly with Stencil and Key Check Outfits. Catalogues and full particulars FREE. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover St., Boston.

THE GREATEST INVENTION OF THE AGE. Agents wanted everywhere. Samples and terms free. Address W. G. WALKER, Leesville, Ky.

"PSYCHOMANCY, OR SOUL CHARMING."—How either sex may fascinate and gain the love and affections of any person they choose, instantly. This simple mental magnetism all can possess, free, by mail, for 50 cents; together with a Marriage Guide, Egyptian Oracle, Dream "bits to Ladies." A queer book, 100,000 sold. Address: J. WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

BEST AND OLDEST FAMILY MEDICINE  
SANFORD'S  
Liver Invigorator,  
A purely Vegetable Cathartic and Tonic, for Dyspepsia, Constipation, Debility, Sick Headache, Bilious Attacks and all derangements of Liver, Stomach and Bowels. Ask your Druggist for it. Beware of Imitations.

Drs. Greene, Lindley & Bentley's  
GREAT  
FAMILY MEDICINES  
Their success attests their merits. The afflicted who have tried them say that Dr. GREENE'S FIT CURS will stop at once all kinds of Fits, Spasms and Convulsions, Epilepsy, Chorea and Nervous Weaknesses are completely under its control. That COMP. EXT. COLICIDIN is the greatest ALTERATIVE and BLOOD PURIFIER known. That MENTHOLIN has no equal as a remedy in Bronchitis, Asthma and Coughs. That NUTRIMENT is just what its names implies. They are for sale by all Druggists. Prepared only by Drs. GREENE, LINDLEY & BENTLEY, Charleston, S. C.

\$5 to \$20 per day! Agents wanted! All classes of working people, of either sex, young or old, make more money at work for us in their spare moments, or all the time, than at anything else. Particulars free. Address Dr. STILSON & CO., Portland, Maine.

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Nov 7, 1872 18 1y

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TOMB STONES,  
And are prepared at all times to make them to order in the  
BEST OF STYLE.  
MARBLE YARD UNDER TOLLY'S FURNITURE STORE,  
Anderson, S. C.  
August 14, 1873 6

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